

A PAIR OF SKATES

by May Ebbitt

Jimmy had two fathers. One was his real father who drank too much. The other was the father Jimmy pretended he had, a man who combined all the virtues the boys on the street attributed to their fathers.

Jimmy could not remember how his legendary father began. Perhaps his mother was responsible. He did recall the time when he was six and won a school prize for solo work at the annual concert. His father had promised to be there, but on the night of the concert he did not come home to supper. The hall was packed with the parents of children who took part. His mother sat alone. She always seemed alone to Jimmy. "What a shame your husband was not here," said the too-neighbourly Mrs. Fornby after the concert. "Yes," his mother answered. "Ted wanted to come so badly, but he had to work. You know how it is." Shortly after Jimmy went to bed, he heard his father come in. He knew by the shuffling, unclear steps in the hall that he had been drinking.

Whenever it had started, the legend had grown with the years and developed as many offshoots as a tree.

"... Sure, my father can afford a car. But mother's scared of them and won't let him have one."

"... My father used to be an amateur boxer. But mother made him give it up. Too bad he's so busy at the plant or he'd referee for us."

The boys at the playground would usually smile and say: "Yeah, Jimmy. We know. Your father's a great guy."

And Jimmy would clench his fists and want to wipe their faces clean. Smile. That was all they dared. Ever since the summer evening his father had come home drunk while it was still bright out and the whole of Oak street was sitting on its verandahs to cool off. "My father was entertaining some engineers from out of town," Jimmie explained to the gang the next day.

"Oh, yeah," Reg Fornby scoffed. "My father says your old man is just a lush."

The fight that ensued cost Jimmy a black eye. He never told his parents how he got it. But after that, the boys only smiled when his father's name was mentioned.

Now there was the business of the ice skates. He'd been cursing himself ever since he told the kids about the skates. It was three weeks ago and the fellows were sitting around Tony's restaurant, drink cokes and discussing what they were getting for Christmas. Jimmy knew all his mother could give him were socks and shirts and maybe a tie with a cowboy painted on it. Clothes he had to have anyway. There was never money for anything else. But she would wrap them up fancily to make them look good.

Jimmy would not be able to list them in "what I got for Christmas." The other boys would have chemistry sets, electric trains and toboggans. The only clothes they considered acceptable gifts were two-colored hockey sweaters with a big league crest on the front. So Jimmy had let them talk without saying anything. But when Ed Nichols turned to him and asked: "What about you, Jimmy?", he was driven by some protective impulse to say: "My father's getting me skates." They had sounded good to him then — the clean black leather, the shiny tubes underneath and finally the knife-sharp blades he could run his finger along lovingly. All just as he had seen them at Curton's department store, and not too expensive either.

He asked his father for them the next morning at breakfast. His father looked sleepy and he had cut himself a little while shaving. But the only time Jimmy was sure of seeing him was at breakfast, so he asked.

"If you want skates, Jim, you'll get them," his father promised. But Jimmy remembered other Christmases and other promises and did not feel very sure.

As the days passed and Christmas came closer, Jimmy wondered if his father remembered. Then, this morning, only two days before Christmas, his father said:

"What was that you said you wanted, Jimmy?" Jimmy felt sick inside, but he answered quietly: "A pair of skates, dad. Size eight, please."

"Sure, son. Sure."

Sure, Jimmy repeated to himself. If he can only stay away from that first drink tonight, I'll get my skates.

In the late afternoon light, he stood at the window watching the snow fall and waiting for his father. Tomorrow would be too late. On Christmas eve the men stopped work early, and had a drink before they left the plant. So unless his father had the skates with him tonight...

Somehow the fact of the skates themselves had been blurred by another value. When Jimmy thought about them now, it was no longer what they would look like, or how they would feel on the hockey rink. Even the act of showing them to his friends was overshadowed by something else. It was now an affair that concerned only his father and himself. In asking for the skates, he was telling his father he still believed in him. If his father came through, it would even the score. It would make his real and his legendary father one.

From the kitchen, he heard the sound of the oven door slamming. He wondered vaguely what they would have for supper — shepherd's pie or meat loaf. A horn blew further down the street. He wiped the glass where his breath had misted it, and saw a big shiny black car move slowly into view. The chauffeur peered out, trying to see the house numbers in the dim light. He stopped the car in front of their path, got out and opened the back door. As the occupant, a tall slim man with a black fedora, descended and turned up to the house, Jimmy searched his mind for who it might be. He somehow connected the man with his father and was afraid.

The bell rang and his mother called from the kitchen: "Will you open the door, Jimmy. I guess Ted forgot his key." At the mention of his father's name, the fear mounted to terror. His hand trembled as he turned the cold knob.

The man now held his black hat in his hand. He towered above Jimmy and seemed to speak from a great distance.

"Are you Ted Blain's son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is your mother home?"

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FREDA

We never came close to the war while at High School. To us it meant scrap drives and the Red Cross, Air Cadets, little more. Our nearest approach to the realities of other continents came in the winter of 1942, when five or six German refugees appeared.

Freda was the only one who came into our class, and hence the only one I remember. We learnt at the beginning that she was a German Jewish girl who had been smuggled out by relatives after her parents were killed. Before she arrived, our teacher gave us a small speech about the war and about tolerance, told us to be nice, friendly. It was obvious she was afraid to say much on the subject.

Freda's hair and complexion were dark; her face was so sombre it was almost sullen. It was soon clear she had very little to say, and neither she nor the class made any overtures of friendship. Soon she came to be almost forgotten.

We students gradually came to realize, mostly from the stories of an Italian in another class, that behind these six refugees lay something vastly different from our Canadian school life. What terror, what persecution, what cruelty they had seen, we did not try to imagine. This was another world which ours could not approach — we accepted this without question.

Gradually some of the stories were whispered about, however. We heard how Marek had been sleeping in the same bed as his two brothers when they were killed by flying glass from a bombshell outside. We heard how Seppi, the Italian, had lived with his family for four months in a Swiss barn before they bribed their way across the French frontier, and how eventually he had been totally separated from them.

About Freda we learnt very little. She had made friends with one Jewish girl in the class, but never played with the gang outside. Instead she used to sit in the classroom for hours after school, studying her books in silence, so that you would not notice her back there in the corner.

By chance I happened to meet Freda one day in the Art Gallery. She was standing in front of an old Dutch painting, not moving, just staring at it. Curiosity, not friendliness, moved me to go over and speak to her.

"Do you like it?" I asked, for to me at this time "liked" and "not-liked" were the only categories into which painting fell. Most definitely "not-liked" were all shades of Dutch masters.

Evidently she liked it very much, so she said. It seemed that she had seen this very landscape herself, when in Europe; had spent a year near there, in fact. She knew the windmill on the hill and the river running near it, and could tell me where the little winding road wandered off too somehow her mind seemed to wander along with it, for now she told me about her home near Antwerp, and the garden in the back, and the Dutch tulips.

All this for some reason did not bore my honest Canadian mind, although it was very alien to my well-established ideas on conversation. To hear her tell it, it seemed like a testament of her old life, her confessions of a far-off cycle.

At first I said very little, nothing to encourage or dissuade her. She was telling me now of her real home in Munchen, and how they had been quite rich, and gone to Switzerland every summer. And then she told me how, one night, they had to move.

She told me how they had gone to Switzerland, then to Belgium, then to France. And as she told me, there was a rising note of fear in her voice, of fear and of flight. Then, at last she told me how they had tried to leave France. She told me of the five German motorcycles blocking the road, how these men had stopped their car. In a crazy hard monotone, she almost sobbed to me what they had done to her mother and father, and how they had sent her fleeing, crying "Dirty Jewess" after her, crying "Dirty filthy little Jewess" after her.

It was a mounting flood of emotion, which had swept me upwards with it. Now she stopped altogether, leaving me poised somewhere, far from my regular moorings. By now we had long since left the Gallery, had walked home, past home, in the gathering night. The streets were strings of half-light below the enormous winter heavens when I finally left her in front of her new apartment-home.

"You are glad," I pressed, "Surely"

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PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE



A Happy Christmas to each one of you, students and members of the staff, and warm good wishes for your health and happiness throughout all the days of the New Year.

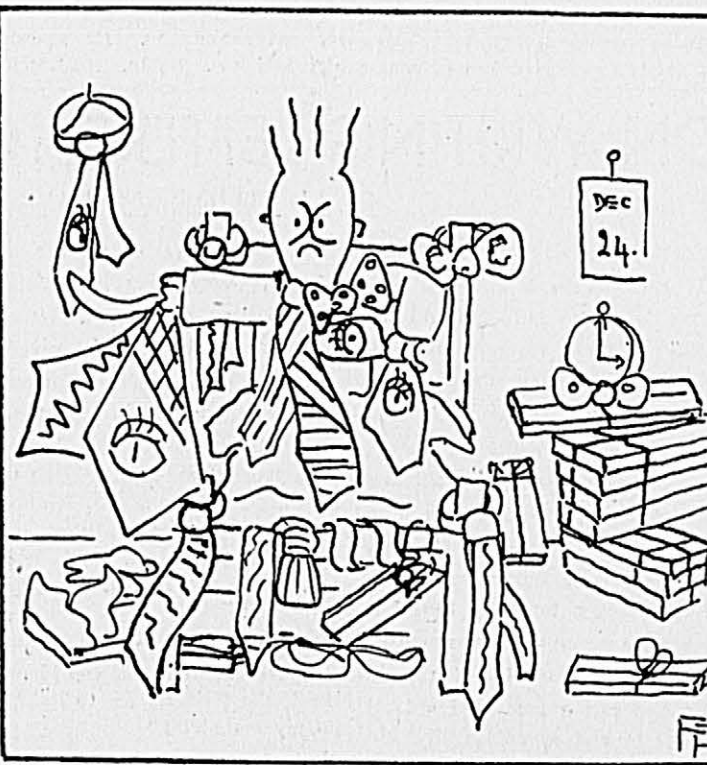
There is a great and growing body of Christmas literature and tradition, enriched continually from many nations and languages. The undying story of the Gospels was superimposed on man's memory of the older pagan festivals at which our ancestors rejoiced at the new birth of the dying sun. The Arabian legend of the tree that blossomed is matched by the mediaeval story of the mid-night garden, while the makers of ancient carols and such modern writers as Masfield and Dickens have described in varying patterns the spirit of Christmas, yesterday, now and forever.

One single thought inspires all of that great body of literature and legend—the most profound and richest of all human hopes, the desire for "peace on earth, goodwill towards men." The realization of the new-born God inspires a sense of joy and happiness that embraces all mankind, so that millions of people at this season of the year remember how splendid life can be and, by their Christmas acts, bring reality closer to that ideal.

At this season of the year I hope that all of you, coming to McGill as you have from divers corners of the earth and bringing many different heritages, may be made happy by the spirit of your ancient traditions and the comradeship of new-found friends. May the things that you do for the happiness of others, interwoven with the joy that comes to you from the acts of your family and friends, make a pattern which will etch this Christmas in your memories as a rich treasure to recall throughout all the years of your lives.

Again, A Happy Christmas to You. "God Bless Us Every One."

F. CYRIL JAMES



BUYMAS

Once, doubtless, Christmas was a religious institution. In reverence of this tradition the name has never been changed, though substitutes titles such as Gimble-mas or Macey-mas have often (if frivolously) been suggested.

Coming into the home stretch, last Sunday's New York Times was slightly over 100 pages long. The Times is a fine example of a democratic institution, not worth any more than fifteen cents, and consequently bought by everybody.

Remembering Jefferson and the natural needs of the people no doubt, the entire spectrum of Christmas gifts is lovingly presented to the American public. All across the United States last Sunday, American families sprawled over the living-room floors and searched for what their friends most needed for Christmas. The entire dimension was herein presented, from Persian rugs starting at \$18,500, through "gifted folding umbrellas" to an unlimited supply of "Surplus Bakelite Wheels."

The dominant trend in commercial Christmas exuberance is paced by the fabulous success of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Pheasant-clubs, ham-clubs, and luxury-food clubs in general are already old hat, but still contract to mail you anything from kumquats to prairie-hens (and don't think I'm kidding) through the mail. This year I was impressed by the emergence of the Fine Fruit Club, the Soups-of-All-Nations Club (sort of a gourmet's U.N.O.) and Florida Pecans, Associated.

But above all American creativity crowds the Magazine Section, in a veritable orgy of product-differentiation. There are automatic feeders, and special tie-racks designed for "your clip-on bow ties." "Golf-bag table-lighters" are advertised, in case you should desire to light a table, along with "a wonderful invention that makes it easy to have plenty of cracked ice."

Via the medium of American capitalism, music has a somewhat peculiar relation to the Christmas buyer. Only a surplus of music boxes, I am sure, could be responsible for an exuberance of "musical leather jewel boxes," a "musical candy-dish" (this was advertised on the Sports Page), and even a musical teddy-bear.

A pen-sized microscope is shortly followed by a pencil-sized microscope, and both by a penknife-style magnifying glass. There is a special fireside bacon-grill (for crispier bacon), and a reader's glass with a built-in light bulb. (The gift that says "see better.") And finally, for the satiated family, for the folks who are still gasping from last Christmas, there is "Charge—The Candy for Dogs." As the New York Times says, "Give your dog a candy treat this Christmas."

P.D.S.

Items
of
Interest

CO-ED ELECTIONS TODAY

Voting takes place today for the Members-at-Large on the Women's Union Polls are open between 9 a.m. and 4.15 p.m., in the women's common room of the Arts building, for Commerce, Arts and Science students—in Beatty House for Physiotherapy and Graduate Nurse students—and in R.V.C. for all other women students.

STREET-CAR INCIDENT

by Mudd

It was late in the afternoon, the Saturday before Christmas. The short winter day had ended. Because of the unseasonably warm weather, stray puddles of water lay in the streets. A chill fog, however, hinted of the impending onset of the incredibly delayed seasonal cold.

At the tramway stop at the corner of Claremont and Sherbrooke Street, the student prepared to board the '14 car drawing up. He shifted the khaki carrying-case from his left shoulder, and zipped open his windbreaker to get at the caricket pocket of his jacket underneath.

The streetcar squealed to a stop six feet beyond the platform. The student jumped aboard, paid his fare, and made his way to a seat. He flopped himself down, laid his zipper-looseleaf on the seat beside him, and readjusted the strap of the carrying-case on his shoulder. Then he let out his breath, and glanced about him.

He gazed benevolently at the pretty blonde sitting opposite. But then he remembered that he would not be able to go out that night, and a faint frown came to his forehead. He thought what a shame it was to have to study that week-end for Miss Larouge's French test on Monday. What a system they had at McGill in some courses, giving tests just before the Christmas holidays!

However his mood of care quickly faded. He felt too good. He had just finished off his Christmas shopping, and that ex-respiratory carrying-case had proved a godsend. It was the handiest thing imaginable, much better than having to carry loose parcels together with his crammed looseleaf.

A brief smile flickered across his face as he contemplated Uncle Peter's probable reaction to the clay model beer-barrel his respectful nephew was going to give him for Christmas. The respectful nephew wondered what he himself would receive in exchange. He hoped it would be a cheque; he was strapped, and needed some money for New Year's Eve. Somehow, though, he was sure to be able to manage it. Now that he was a college man, he should have a chance to really enjoy himself. He glanced again at the blonde, and felt at peace with all the world.

The streetcar turned from Claremont onto Westmount Avenue. The student got up and moved towards the door. Several other passengers did likewise, including the blonde. One of the parcels which she was carrying dropped to the floor. The student picked it up, and received a "Thanks so much." He smiled back, and got off the car. He felt a faint glow inside, and thought that there was nothing like Christmas.

At the sidewalk, he turned, and looked northwest for the Terrebonne bus. It was not in sight. He re-adjusted the strap of the carrying-case on his left shoulder, and then, vaguely feeling something missing, looked down at his empty right hand.

The realization swept over him that he had left his looseleaf on the streetcar.

He looked at the vehicle, receding east into the fog. For a moment, he just stood there, following with his eye the blurring 14 sign. Then, suddenly, he began to run.

The sidewalks were clear of all but the odd puddle, and though he had the filled carrying-case, he was not burdened with heavy clothes. In a second, he was sprinting creditably.

As he began to think again, he considered what the loss would mean to him. Most of his course-notes for the year were in that looseleaf, in addition to two of his text-books. Galvanized by terror, he increased his pace yet further.

Even so, he would probably have missed the car had not the fog kept the motorman to a cautious slowness. He was just able to make it at the next stop.

He jumped aboard with almost a shriek of relief, and dashed to the place where he sat. The looseleaf was not there.

"Are you looking for your briefcase?" asked a man in the next seat. "The conductor has it."

He muttered thanks, and ran back to the conductor's platform. It was not one of the regular 14 cars, but had two men.

"What are you looking for?" asked the conductor.

"My brief-case . . . that is, my looseleaf. It's a brown, zipper . . . Oh, there it is!" He noticed it, leaned against the conductor's seat. He reached for it.

"Just a minute," the conductor interposed. "Can you prove it's yours?"

The student straightened up, and re-adjusted again the strap of his carrying-case.

"Well . . . it hasn't got my name in it, but I can easily tell you what's in it." He looked down at the conductor. He was still panting slightly, and spoke with a gasping breathlessness.

The conductor was short, thin, and had a wisp of a moustache. He gave a vague smile.

"I'm sorry, but I'll have to take it down to the Terminus, and turn it in. You'll have to get it at the lost-and-found office."

"But wait a minute! I can show you it's mine. I can tell you the order of the notes that are in it."

"I'm sorry," said the conductor tranquilly, "but it is the rule that I turn it in."

"Well . . . that's the lost-and-found office at the Craig Terminus? When is it open?"

The conductor looked a trifle apologetic. "I am afraid that it is closed for the week-end. It will open at nine o'clock Monday morning."

"But . . . a fresh thought struck the student. "But I need the notes for a test I have on Monday. I need them to study—it's important!"

"I am sorry," said the conductor firmly. The student, looking baffled, paused for a moment.

"But how am I going to be able to convince them any more than I can you?" he demanded.

"I do not know how you are going to convince them," the conductor replied. He pressed his eyebrow. "That is for you to do. But it is my duty to turn it in."

The student looked steadily at the conductor for a few seconds.

"Thanks," he said.

His finger stabbed at the stop-button in front of the conductor's seat. As the car slowed, he turned around and then got off.

He stepped to the sidewalk, and gazed after the

(Continued on Page 6.)



Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq.

by Betty Sinclair

(Bickerstaffe's "Love in a Village" is to be produced by McGill students at the end of January under the direction of Dean Douglas Clarke. As the author of this comic opera is very little known, this article is intended as a brief introduction to him.)

HERE were three persons owning to the name of Isaac Bickerstaffe (e) in eighteenth century England one of them actual, the others products of the imagination of Dean Swift and Sir Richard Steele. Such are the curious twists of fate that the mythical Isaacs have shown the greatest hold on life. While Swift's mock-astrologer is still remembered for ironic warfare on imposture and credulity, and 'Isaac Bickerstaffe's Lucubrations' are still popular in Sir Richard's essays from "The Tatler," the librettist of "Love in a Village," "Maid of the Mill," and "Lionel and Clarissa" is almost forgotten. Posterity is not alone in disregard of him; in his life-time he fell so far from popular favor that even the date of his death is uncertain, and so thorough was his eclipse that his contemporaries usually overlooked him in their references to the theatre, or where they have acknowledged the librettist they have markedly ignored the man.

The success of "The Beggar's Opera" in 1728 soon crowded the stage with imitations, and for the next ten years everything that could be made into a ballad opera. However more than thirty years were to elapse before a worthy successor to Gay was found, and then story, comedy, and verse were combined into a new kind of opera by the pen of Isaac Bickerstaffe.

Bickerstaffe was born in Ireland about the year 1735, and at the age of eleven he became a page in the household of the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Chesterfield. From this time until the production of his first pastiche little is known of him save that he served in the marines until he was cashiered.

His first production, "Love in a Village," had its debut at Covent Garden Theatre on December 8th, 1762. The plot is taken mainly from Charles Johnson's "Village Opera" which was performed at Drury Lane in 1720, and Bickerstaffe revised this earlier opera, including songs by Arne, Handel, Boyce, Gallup, Giardini, and others with the added spice of a few risqué lines. The ingredients were so excellently blended by Bickerstaffe that his chief-d'oeuvre completely delighted Londoners, and a new era of popularity for musical shows was inaugurated, an era when they were even more in fashion than after "The Beggar's Opera."

"Love in a Village" marked the transition from ballad to comic opera, the form that was given new life by Gilbert and Sullivan in the Nineties, and which also foreshadowed the musical comedy of today. Tunes were included that were not specially composed for the occasion, but Bickerstaffe denied the use of common ballad airs. (In his "British Drama" Al-lardyce Nicoll differentiates between the two types of opera; in ballad opera the words are written to older airs, and in comic opera the words are composed for the occasion by individual musicians.)

In the history of the theatre there have been many writers without literary talent or sincerity but with a certain skill in the creation of popular theatrical confections. Bickerstaffe without conscience or principle (artistic or otherwise) knew the theatre and the easiest way to please the taste of the moment, and was among the first of these confectioners. He wrote plays of all kinds as well as his operas and in nearly all he achieved very great success. He boasted of "giving the English stage its first sentimental drama for forty years." The remark itself is ambiguous, but it indicates his great pride in his own achievements.

William Hazlitt wrote of him: "Bickerstaffe's plays are continually acted; they come under the class of mediocrity generally speaking. Their popularity seems to be chiefly owing to the unaffected ease and want of pretension with which they are written, with a certain humorous naïveté in the lower characters and an exquisite adaptation of the music to the songs. His 'Love in a Village' is one of the most delightful comic operas on the stage. It is truly pastoral and the sense of music hovers over the very scene like the breath of morning."

While writing for the stage Bickerstaffe enjoyed the society of some

of the most famous men of his age. Boswell in his Life of Johnson records that Bickerstaffe dined with him, the Doctor, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Murphy at his rooms in Old Bond Street on the 16th October 1769. His social success was short-lived, however, for in 1772, only a decade after the production of "Love in a Village," he was forced to flee to France under suspicion of a capital crime. Poor and despitely he lived for some years at St. Malo under an assumed name, and then, but for several references in the private correspondence of David Garrick, he faded into complete obscurity. He died about 1812 somewhere on the continent.

The references in Garrick's correspondence are very interesting. The first, dated 24th June, 1772, is a letter from Bickerstaffe to the actor, written in French and sounding a very piteous note. Garrick was apparently moved by the plight of this erstwhile favorite, but he notes on the letter that he cannot reply—we are left to guess his reasons. A little light is thrown upon the subject in a further letter dated March 18th, 1777. This is no appeal but an accusation. Garrick is charged with driving Bickerstaffe out of employment and England by writing certain letters against him, mainly in the "Morning Post." Whether these accusations were born from spite or founded upon reality (many are the ways of disposing of a rival and we must remember that Garrick was a producer and a playwright as well as an actor) we shall never know. All we do know is that Bickerstaffe justly or unjustly vanished from his place in the bright lights of the theatre to the mists of exile, and a source of gay musical entertainment was cut off.

SOCIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Prof. M. Cohen, Associate Professor of Law, will be the guest-speaker at this week's meeting of the Sociological Society in Room 49 of the Arts Building, today at 1 p.m. "Law and Changing Social Values" will be the topic of Prof. Cohen's talk.

GLIDING CLUB

There will be gliding this Saturday and Sunday at the St. Eugene airfield, weather permitting. All members going should be at the club garage on University Street at 8.15 a.m. on both days.

RED AND WHITE REVUE

There will be a chorus rehearsal tonight in the Union Ballroom at 6 p.m. until 8 p.m.

The next rehearsal will be held tomorrow, Saturday, at 2 p.m. in the Union Ballroom.

THIS COLUMN-AGAIN

by RANDY PHILLIPS

In an earlier column under this same heading a statement was made concerning plaudits and reproaches. This statement promised praise where it was deserved, and blame in its proper place. Most past appearances of this column have been concerned with reproaches, but this one deals entirely with praise.

This columnist had the opportunity of attending a rehearsal of the Arena Wing of the Players' Club recently, and while here was introduced to this new-old form of theatrical presentation. The audience sits at arms length from the actor, and in this position is afforded the novel experience of seeing the emotions called upon by the actors unmarred by make-up or distance. This proximity, of course, calls for actors and not more mimics. The Arena Wing, however, has these actors.

If for no other reason than the uncovering of this talent, Mr. Eugene Jousse's present experiment deserves all the praise the University theatre organizations can give him. More, the entire Canadian theatre, such as it is, had better look to its laurels and prepare to do battle with this new and potent adversary.

Imagine yourself in your own living room, seated comfortably. The lights flash on and you... and you alone... are the spectator, even the participant, of a drama which unfolds before your eyes. Gone is the living room, gone are all the aspects of the room in which you sit... you are on the deck of a ship, in mid-Atlantic, or in some remote jail in prejudiced Texas. With the actors you feel pain, misery, joy and exultation. Look about you... at the other people watching this drama. They are so intent that their very faces reflect the emotions so carefully portrayed by the actors on the floor before you.

This is theatre at its most powerful, its most intimate. Here is the nucleus of a great Canadian effort. It is the duty of every member of the University to support it, for it is ours. If we waste it, or throw it away, we will be forsaking a heritage we fight for, and demand, on every platform and in our search for education.

A footnote to this column... The grateful thanks of this columnist are extended to all those who have been so helpful in presenting various thoughts for the betterment of our campus life during the past term. With the advent of the Holiday season cannot but think of the broken bottles and tattered streamers that will inevitably strew the campus. In wishing you all a very Happy Holiday, let the reminder be added... "Enjoy yourselves in a sane way!"

ITEMS OF INTEREST

The Debating Society Finals in the Trip-to-England Competition will be held in the Ballroom of the McGill Union this afternoon from 4.30 to 6.00.

FOR SALE

A microscope, Eleitz-Wetzlar. Excellent condition, reasonable. Call DE. 1286 after 9 p.m.

"NAPOLEON"

By Conrad Shatner



IS name wasn't Napoleon. I'm not sure what it was—Joe, I think. But his second name was Bonaparte. The family had no connection with the great man himself. They came originally from French stock but Joe's father claimed he was American and proud of it. The real Napoleon was Corsican or something like that. As I said, his name wasn't Napoleon officially, but no one ever called him anything else. And he hated it. He didn't look unlike Napoleon with his short stocky build, his hawk-like nose and sharp piercing eyes. But he didn't like the name. However the name was Napoleon and the name stuck.

Throughout public school, they laughed at him. They called him "the little corporal" or asked him "when he was going to rule the world" and the bitterness grew within him. Then when he was sixteen he disappeared. No one ever knew where he went. His parents searched high and low for him and then gave up and settled back to raise the other seven members of the Bonaparte brood. It was one of the unanswered questions of the neighbourhood and ever so often when the people gathered around to talk, the question of the missing Joe would be brought up.

Nothing had happened to Joe. He just wanted to live his own life. He didn't want to be tabbed Napoleon for the rest of his days and so he changed his name. Brown he called himself—just plain Joe Brown. He came to Montreal and there he got a job. It was a very ordinary job. At first all he did in the large exporting office was carry papers from one desk to another. He was clever and they say that if you are clever and have drive you get ahead. Joe did. By the time he was twenty-one he was one of the most important cogs in the office. He wasn't chief dog there but he was doing far more important things in the office than merely carrying papers from one desk to another.

Then she came to work with the firm—she being Miss Jo Adams. Joe fell for her hook, line and sinker. They used to kid each other about the similarity of their names and they used to go out together and have good times together. Joe had a ring all picked out and he was going to pop the question when something stepped in to stop him.

That something happened early in September in 1939, when the mad men from Munich who had moved to Berlin, decided to move once again—this time into Poland. Joe decided that if there had to be a war he was going to get in it and he wasn't going to ask a girl to marry him and then wait till he came back—if he came back. He joined the RCAF and he got his wings—a full-fledged pilot. They shipped him off to Europe but before he left he saw Jo once more. Of course, she cried and of course

she promised to write and wait till he got back. And, of course, Joe believed her.

Overseas, Joe saw plenty of action. He was co-pilot on a bomber with an all-American crew. He got a bird's-eye view of Hitler's empire, and plenty of respect for the German ack-ack fire. They nicknamed him in the air force. They called him "Napoleon." Yes, Napoleon. It all started this way.

Joe's co-pilot was a big broad-shouldered Texan named Smith. Everyone called him Smithie. He was one of these wisecracking Americans such as you read about in the French novels; the type that typified the American tourist in European minds. On this particular trip, they were returning from bombing some European stronghold, and Joe was catching 40 winks while Smithie was piloting the plane. And Smithie was singing off key as usual. It was an old song "Come Josephine in My Flying Machine." Then suddenly he let out a yell:

"That must have been Napoleon's theme song."

The plane rocked with laughter. Joe awoke with a start.

"Did somebody call me," he asked, dreamily, rubbing his eyes.

"Hey Joe thinks he's Napoleon." "Take it easy fella, you need a rest" and other wise-cracks like that bombarded Joe.

That's how it started and the more Joe protested the more the name stuck. Napoleon he was to the fellows and Napoleon he was going to be. There was no getting away from it. The whole thing hurt Joe. But then something even worse happened. The letters from Joe stopped coming. At first he blamed it on her lack of time. After all she had written him that she was working at one of the servicemen's canteens in her spare time and that must be keeping her pretty busy. Then he blamed it on the mails. They were never regular. He'd get a pack of letters at one time. And then he ran out of things to blame it on.

She just didn't write, period. Joe was one flier who was pretty unhappy during the rest of the war. One day however it was all over and Joe decided there was his chance. He was happy for he'd be able to get away from that Napoleon stigma and he was sure he'd be able to find Joe and straighten things out.

It took him six months to get back to Montreal. Then it took him two more months to locate Jo. She had moved to San Francisco. Joe was going to find her. Of that he was sure and he was going to bring her back. Of that he was sure. So taking all his savings and gratuities out of the bank, he set out for Frisco. He searched high and low. No Jo. He had just

about given up hope when he found her.

Joe loved music. He always had and he decided that while he was there he was going to listen to the San Francisco Philharmonic Orchestra. He got tickets and he was all set to go. He got on the California Street cable car and was heading for the San Francisco Opera House, when she sat down beside him. It was purely by accident and he thought he was dreaming. Here he was sure he had walked up and down every one of Frisco's 35 square miles of streets till he knew each bump in the sidewalk without finding Jo, and now merely by chance she was sitting next to him.

Joe didn't go to the concert that night. He had more important things to do. As soon as he could get Jo off the car, they went to a little nearby restaurant. They talked about everything in general and nothing in particular. You could sense that they were feeling each other out. Then it came.

"What happened, honey? Why did you stop writing and why didn't you wait?"

"Just because my name's Josephine, do you think I was going to wait while you played Napoleon over the face of Europe. I'm young and I like a good time."

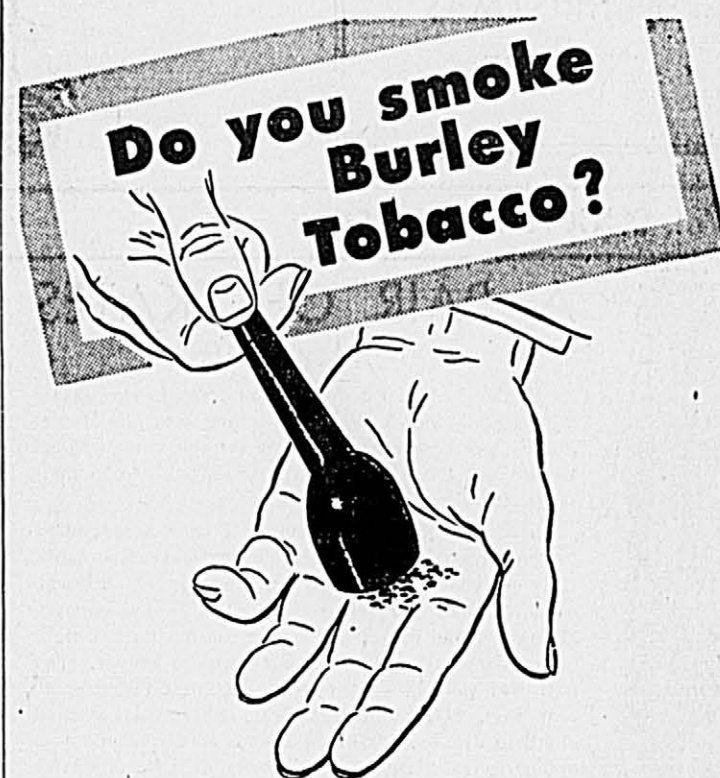
That did it. That reference to Napoleon did something to Joe. Something burst inside him. He was a normal guy and his nerves had taken all that they could. He went berserk. The next thing Joe was aware of, was the fact that people were holding him tightly and whispering in awe-subdued voices—"He killed her."

After that Joe just didn't care. They took him down to police headquarters and asked him lots of questions and Joe admitted everything. They asked him if he wanted a lawyer and when he said no, they appointed one for him. Joe didn't help him at all and a more disgusted and unhappy attorney was impossible to find.

Of course, the papers played it up big, especially the tabloids and it looked like premeditated murder. After all didn't he pursue her all the way from Canada. Then came the trial. Joe offered no defence and the outcome was never in doubt. Then the judge rendered the verdict:

"Joe Brown, I sentence you to be removed from the County Jail here and taken over to Alcatraz prison and to be kept there for the rest of your natural life."

Then he added, "This is an interesting sequel. Like another Lover of Josephine you will spend the rest of your life as a prisoner on an island. Too bad your name wasn't Napoleon."



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ON WRITING LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

By H. MURRAY WILSON

Editors receive much mail; not only personal mail, but also mail which is to be redirected to the public at large through the medium of newspapers. Thus we see how the jovial editor is actually always swamped with complaints, praises, criticisms, requests, and hints. All of these are in the form of letters which have been hastily addressed: Dear Mr. Editor.

But contrary to many thoughts, the editors (some of them, anyway) enjoy receiving all this fan mail. How else can a man find out all the gossip and scandal which old Mrs. Jones or Mr. Brown (or Gloria Smith, for that matter) has related over the back fence to the neighbor who lives next door?

Editors of extremely large newspapers often never set eyes on these letters, until they are actually in print. If the editor had to read each letter personally, express his opinion on the matter, suggest to the rewrite man how the letter should be written, and then "O.K." the thing for publication, there would be a lot more editors in the world today.

In some of the smaller papers, the editor personally opens and reads every letter sent to him. He changes it, re-writes it, opines (notice the uncommon word) on it, marks it up, and "O.K.s" it. He may even set it up in type.

But getting back to the large newspapers like the Daily, we find that the editor has no time to fiddle around with such trivial matters. He immediately calls in his secretary, who he orders to take the letter and put it through its rounds. If what comes out is any relation to what the original contained, it is because the re-write man was not on his job.

So you will insist on writing to the editor and complaining about Truman being elected when you had made a wager (no betting allowed) that Dewey would win. You humbly commence your epistle in

the time-worn fashion: Dear Mr. Editor. A very good introduction has thus been established.

Now for the body. I enjoy reading the newspaper which you publish an awful lot. I like it so much that I wish it was published every seven hours. I particularly like the following sections: sports, features, women's page, comics, news, advertisements, theatres, and radio page. I like the rest of the paper too.

Then you say to yourself, "I have won the editor's confidence. Now is the time for me to indulge into my complaint."

"But, dear Mr. Editor, just why did that (CENSORED) Truman win anyway? You predicted that Dewey would win. You must have extremely unreliable sources. I have lost all faith in you. I wish your rag would go bankrupt. Who lets you publish such nonsense? Whoever it is should be shot with you!"

The letter draws hastily to a close: "An ex-subscriber, J. Mortimer McBlondhead."

Much to your amazement your letter appears in print the next day: "Dear Mr. Editor, I enjoy reading your paper very much etc., etc., but I am rather puzzled at the fact that such wonderful paper as yours predicted that Dewey will win the elections. I realize that it must have been a very difficult prediction to make, but I am certainly glad that you did not hesitate to tell us that you were wrong after the election was over. Meanwhile, still holding good faith in your document, and worshipping you day and night, I wish to remain, J. Mortimer McBlondhead."

You then immediately decide to sue the paper for libel or perjury or something. You phone the editor, who answers in a loud, booming voice. This dispels every ounce of courage that is in you. Being now at a loss for words, you remark on what a pleasant day it is. Slam goes the editor's receiver.

You hang up too. (Any similarity between the methods in which the newspaper in this story is run and those employed by The Daily or any other paper, is purely coincidental.)



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Dear Boss: Remember, that big six column cut which we printed last year that was taken of the McGill Choral Society singing out at Macdonald College? It showed so many nice people singing such wonderful music (that's editorial comment, but I liked them) that I thought you might like to run the picture again. You

see, these people are giving another concert tonight at the Currie Gym (in case you want to hear some good music, Boss. Tickets are sixty cents and may be bought at the door), so, I took the cut and went down to The Gazette. First, it was put away off in a corner. The next night when I went back they had moved it a little nearer to where they print The Daily. Last night it was right

beside the Daily's desk. Tonight I went back again, and convinced the nice man to print it. It took a lot of work, but it was worth a package of cigarettes and a free meal. (Can I put it on my expense account?) Anyway, here is the picture. I think that it looks nice, don't you? Love and kisses, JOE.

POLISH CLUB AT McGill
There will be a general meeting of the Polish Club on Friday, the 17th, at 7.30 p.m., in the Union New Room.

Biology Building. Please phone CR. 4401 if you know of their whereabouts.

LOST
1 pair brown kid gloves—Monday, Dec. 12 in Room 250 of the

COSMO CLUB
The Cosmo Club is holding its annual Christmas party on Dec. 20 at 8.30 in the Union Grillroom. Admission 75c.



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OUR THREATENED VALUES
(A Book by Victor Gollancz)
Reviewed by Betty Sinclair

...Qui Mal y Pense
PIPER AND THOMAS
ne of the most common expressions around this University is uttered after exchanging heartfelt salutations to persons passing on the campus. It is, to wit: "What on earth was his (or her) name?" Many a pair of bosom friends at McGill have passed four long years saying "Hello" to each other every day in the week without ever knowing each other's names. This very human failing extends to us, along with most people. As a matter of fact, the only way one member of our partnership ever finds out the names of girls he would like to date is years after they have graduated when he sees their names in the "Engaged" section of the Montreal Star. And then one wonders what would have happened had he known their names... Ah, what might have been.

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By VICTOR GOLLANCZ
UNDER the bomb-wrecked roof of the Stettiner Railway Station—the Euston or King's Cross of Berlin—I looked this afternoon inside a cattle truck shunted beside the buffers of No. 2 platform. On one side four forms lay dead under blankets on cane and raffia stretchers; in another corner four more, all women, were dying.

One, in a voice we could hardly hear, was crying out for water. Sitting on a stretcher, so weakened by starvation that he could not move his head or his mouth, his eyes open in a deranged, uncomprehending stare, was the wasted frame of a man. He was dying, too.

This passage is taken from an article written by Norman Clark from Berlin. It was not written during the war, nor were these unfortunate creatures the victims of Nazi cruelty. It was written on August 24th, 1945, the dying man and women were Germans, evicted from Eastern Germany now under Polish or Czech control. Theirs was no crime unless to be German is a crime.

The action of the Poles and Czechs in so treating their former enemies is a gross negation of what Victor Gollancz calls 'respect for personality,' the belief that man must always be treated as an end in himself and never as a means to an end. No-one can excuse the barbarity of the Nazis, the dreadful crimes perpetrated upon Jews, Czechs, Poles and other victims of Hitler's search for Lebensraum. But does this incriminate the whole German nation? Not unless we believe with Lord Vansittart that Germany was modelled after the wolfpack, and has found it fatally easy to teach her citizens the ferocity and greed, the insensitiveness and blood lust of the wolf. And we can only believe that if we regard all the citizens of the United States as Al Capones or Bruno Hauptmanns. It is true to say, of course, that the people of the U.S. did not applaud Capone and Hauptmann and follow their evil example, as the Germans did that of Hitler and his henchmen. But did the German people approve of the Nazi methods? It is not easy to resist a totalitarian regime whose doctrines is 'machtpolitik,' the concentration camps were heavily populated with those who did. The Germans may be called stupid for

being carried away by the Hitler of earlier days with his vision of an "Aryan" Utopia, but if this be a crime the people of Louisiana who listened to Hughie Long, and those of Alberta who hung onto the words of Bill Aberhart are equally guilty.

But even if every German man, woman and child were guilty of heinous sin we must still accord them respect. A respect for personality is fundamental in western religious thought it is demanded by Judaism and Christianity alike. Even the secular thinker recognizes (to quote from Gollancz) "With a sense of necessity or inviolability independent of logical processes (his) own uniqueness... the existence of an inner citadel that must be forever inviolate." It is precisely because man carries within him a potentiality for good that this potentiality must never be crushed. The essence of liberalism is the belief that man has the capacity for moral development. All one can hope to do is to create the environment favourable to this development. Failure to respect personality, then, is a negation of a value that all of us should hold dear.

We do not have to go to Germany to see how debased man has become. When a provincial leader infringes the freedom of a religious minority and punishes one who stands bail for the abused members of this group he is denying an intrinsic right of man in a liberal society. A firm, an hotel, or a purely secular university discriminating against persons, either coloured or of the Jewish faith is disobeying an imperative law of human relationship. When Great Britain allows its people to sit down to a comparatively well-stocked table while the peoples of Europe and Asia are, in the mass, living on calories so low that not only their health is in danger, but their lives also, she is guilty of a grave offence against humanity that is in no way lessened by the fact that Canada and the U.S. have far more and give proportionately far less.

In addition to this failure to recognize the fundamental rights of others there is a general dropping off of the quality of mercy, and pity is regarded as symptomatic of weakness. When Frenchmen sought to save Pierre Laval from death by self-administered poison and to bring him to consciousness only to

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Students are reminded that tickets for the Arts and Science New Year's Eve Ball can still be obtained at the Union tuckshop even after the last day of lectures. Dress for the occasion is optional (formal or informal).

M.O.C.
The M.O.C. Christmas Hop will be held next Tuesday, December 21st at 8.00 p.m. in the B.W. and F. Room, Currie Gym—50c per person.

GEOLOGY SMOKER
The Geology Smoker will be held tonight at 7.30 p.m. in the Union Ballroom.

McGILL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

The McGill Christian Fellowship will be holding a carol sing on Sunday, Dec. 19, at 9 p.m. Dr. C. P. Martin will be the speaker. Refreshments will be served. All are cordially invited to attend. Place: 3445 Peel.

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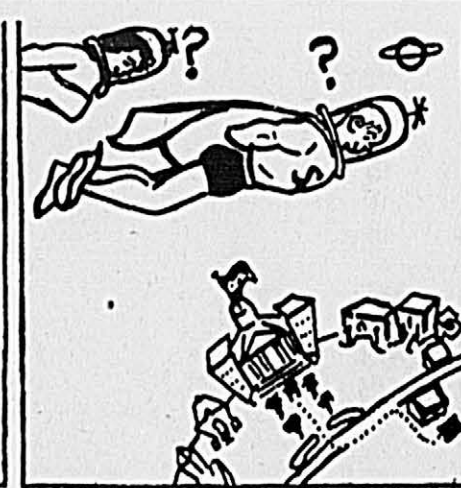
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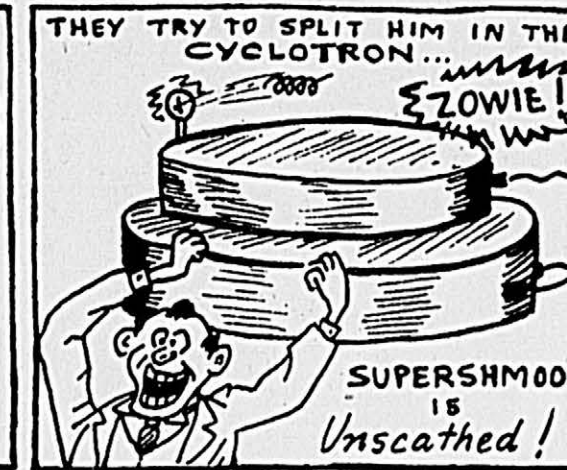
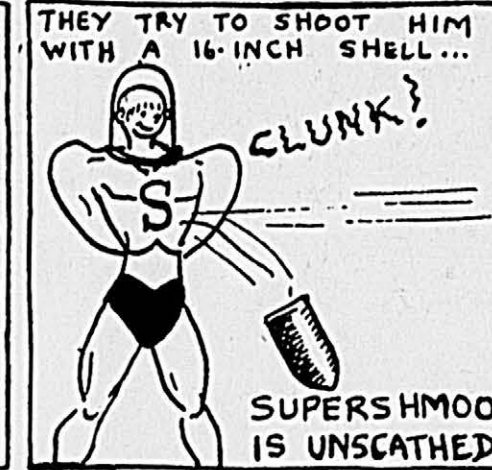
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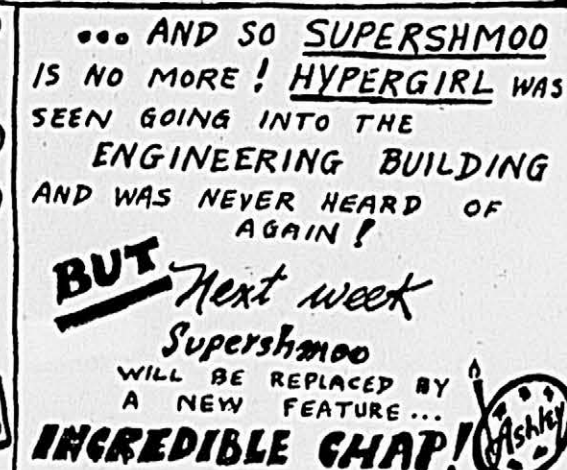
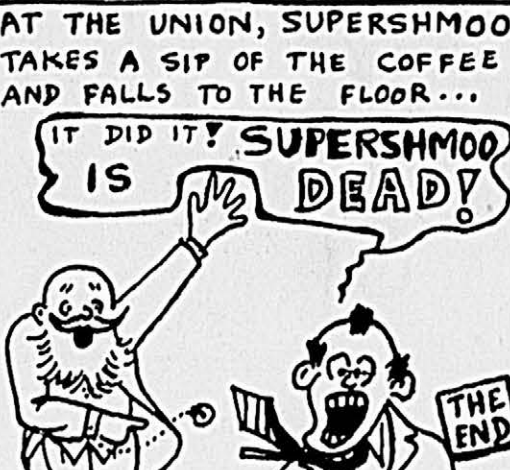
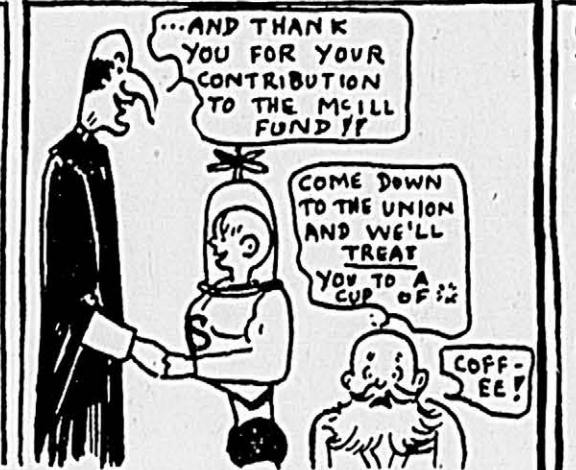
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L.P.P. FORUM
Gui Caron, Quebec leader of the L.P.P., will speak on "French Canada and the Fight for Peace" today at 1 p.m. in the Union New Room.

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For Your Enlightenment (or, Comic Books I Have Loved)

Black Kit (She always gets her man)

Gentle reader have you met the Black Kit? If you haven't you should hasten to the nearest magazine store and buy an introduction to this glamorous crime-buster, who makes Dewey look like a Sunday school teacher. This double-jointed, double-barrelled smooth operator knows every trick, even of judo. She wears deep boots and gauntlet gloves, a half-mask as a disguise, and, oh yes, a becoming double-breasted uniform cut on natural lines.

The Black Kit (alias Linda Turner) is a movie star, among other things, and one of her most recent adventures took place on location in Indian Bone Gulch. Linda is in bed enjoying a spell of peace when suddenly things begin to happen: a cowboy and an Indian begin a fight (it is not clear how they got there but we mustn't split hairs); chairs hurtle through the air apparently under their own power, and poltergeists give a pantomime. Is Linda alarmed? Is she non-plussed? Not on your life. She dons her uniform and goes into action. She hangs from chandeliers, uses quick upper cuts to break her enemies' jaws, rides bare-back (well almost), and generally behaves in an arbitrary fashion until justice reigns supreme.

Another thrilling time is had when Linda breaks a gang operating as the Milk Fund Foundation for "pervidin" the poor little orphans wit' milk. To prepare for this emergency she dons her double-breasted uniform again, and using a wide range of commando tactics she saves the philanthropists

from exploitation. She also obliges with some judo lessons, so that you too can do as Black Kit does.

Also included in the same book is an adventure of the ace detective Derry Cake whose means are a little more refined than the dusky Kit's, but he, too, gets his man—usually between the eyes with a bullet.

I strongly recommend this book to all who enjoy stimulating adventures with gorgeous redheads and saturnine detectives.

Tex Barrell Sharpshooting American Hero

Tex Barrell is worth studying as an American hero. I should think that only the Twentieth Century could provide such a personified transgression of the primitive laws of nature. On page one he lassos two burning torches simultaneously; on page two he leaps from his horse and catches two Indians by the forelock while still in mid-air. Later he and his horse leap together over a fort wall into a swarming of approximately three hundred Indians. The fortress captain, either a coward or a student of probabilities, yells wildly, "Come Back, Come Back, Yuh'll Be Killed. He should have known better. Tex rides triumphantly through a screaming mob, comparable only to Eaton's basement, while in the next picture one injun explains this to the reader: "Can't stop him. Ride Like Madman."

"Shortly after" (and here I quote) the Indians break through the wall, but meanwhile Tex (great man) has ridden from Fort Saga-double-breasted uniform again, and more to Canyon City and returned with suitable reinforcements. The saga ends with Tex looking as if

he is about to receive the Purple Heart.

However on the very next page Tex is told of a bank robbery across the street. Tex is no coward. He steps into the bank and gives the crook a minute or so to try shooting at him. "You Need Better Aim Than That," he smiles sardonically, as the bullets trace his silhouette in the opposite wall.

As long as the Bible is taking a vacation in the U.S.A., there will be a need as well as a demand for hero-stimuli such as Tex Barrell. Inspired by such images the young American child yearns for maturity, either as a cowboy, or as an interspace captain, or possibly as the leader of gang of bank-robbers.

Li'l Amber Dogpatch Theseus

LI'L AMBER COMICS, No. 65
Super-Dooper Publications Limited; 10c.

It is with great disappointment that we turn this page of this much-vaunted publication. Widely heralded by some of our more intellectually minded colleagues as the greatest event for years in the comic-book field, it fails utterly to live up to such great expectations.

One of the most damaging characteristics with respect to its merit is the fantastic element of exaggeration. For example, let us consider the opening episode in the book: The community of Dogpatch is starving. Li'l Amber, the hero (who lacks in some measure the mental attainments necessary for the role), sets out to the Big City to save his home-town by obtaining the money with which to purchase 6,000 ham sandwiches. He plans to do this by winning a bet from the noted financier, "Bet-a-billion" Bashby.

So far, so good. But here the element of fantastic exaggeration enters. For the manner in which he gains this money is by taking "Bet-a-billion" Bashby's bet that he will not be able to retrieve a silver dollar tossed out of the window of Mr. Bashby's sky-scraper penthouse office before the coin touches the ground.

Bashby tosses the coin out of the window; and the hero dives after it. But then there is an explosion in the sewage system, which results in a geyser on which Li'l Amber, the coin clutched in his hand, floats back to the penthouse window.

Such fantastic exaggeration can never please the discriminating and intelligent public. For how could Li'l Amber make such a bet with Bashby when he has not even sufficient collateral of his own to be able to alleviate the food-shortage in Dogpatch? It is obviously most improbable.

An even worse element in this work is the highbrow element of plotting. As is seen from the above example, Li'l Amber plans to buy food to relieve his people's famine by winning the bet from the Big-City financier Bashby. This is not only wildly improbable, but also far too artfully devious; he should solve the food-shortage by creating matter.

Vitiated by these defects, Li'l Amber is not so much fare for the the discriminating and sensible comic-reader, but intoxicating poison for long-hairs.

It can never succeed until it is written up to the standard of its audience.

CHINESE STUDENTS CLUB

All members and friends are cordially invited to attend the Christmas dance on Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8.30 p.m. at the Kuo Min Tang Hall, 1101 Clarke street.

LOST

An Tuesday, in McGill Daily Features Office, a Shaeffer's fountain pen, green and black striped, plainum ring. If found, please leave in Tuck Shop for J. P.

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A Dialectical Appraisal of the Comic Book

The importance of the comic book in our culture is hardly to be overestimated. It is the form of art which most influences the children of our country. Now, if democratic sentiments can be instilled in people during the formative years of their lives, they will retain them as basic in their thinking well into adulthood. As Lenin remarked: "Give me the children for four years to educate, and I care not who has them afterward." (The assertion that Ignatius Loyola said the same before him, is vile reactionary slander.)

In addition to this important consideration, it must be clearly realized that the circulation of comic books is not confined to children, but is indeed the staple intellectual fare of a great number among the masses... particularly those segments who are temperamentally best fitted to be led by democratic elements into the class-struggle. It is the art for the people, and hence a natural concern of all progressive persons.

But it is at this point that we encounter the real difficulty in our analysis: a difficulty caused by the same factor that refutes the specious assertions of the partisans of private plunder: that the capitalist world has a truly free press. For who can publish under this system of "free" press... unquote... enterprise, a comic book? Who but the rich capitalist! Under the much vaunted "freedom of the press" now existing, anyone can publish a newspaper, book, or magazine... provided he has the necessary millions to invest in the fantastically expensive presses and office-buildings requisite to the function! As a consequence, this natural medium of education for the people is distorted from its natural democratic tendencies, into a sewer of regressive propaganda.

A typical instance of this, is seen in the feature, "Little Abnik", by the counter-revolutionary literary prostitute, Al E. Catt. In this comic-strip (the latter word has a surprisingly apposite significance, in this application) the glorious Soviet Union is cynically derided under the thinly-disguised cloak of the

name Upper Slobovia." In this atrocity, our great ally is actually depicted as being a barren and impoverished arctic region (the term tundra should not be used—it is well-known that the tundras are actually regions as fertile and agreeable as Plato's Republic). This devastated land—which actually resembles the wastes of Dawson College—is portrayed as seeking a loan of three billion nickleniks from the robber-baron Imperialistic U.S.A. At this point, the feature actually becomes realistic, in the confident knowledge that the dupes who read it will consider it to be the grossest exaggeration. It gives a perfectly-accurate and detailed sketch of a typically moronic, self-seeking, corrupt, capitalist-serving American senator!

Many misguided—or perhaps traitorous?—friends of democracy profess the belief that such bourgeois propaganda rebounds upon the culprits. But it is clearly shown, by a moment of honest thinking, that this interpretation is incorrect. The flaw in this "boomerang" hypothesis, is that it assumes the grossness of falsity in the propaganda will immediately reveal the true nature of its intrinsic hollowness to the readership. However, it is a known principle that the simple mind will swallow anything. (This characteristic is not necessarily disadvantageous, since it makes possible the instilling of democratic and progressive principles in the mind of its subjects (once the taint of capitalism has been removed from the socio-economic structure). But in the present case, it ensures the continuing grip on their power by the robber-baron who at present dominates the Western so-called democracies.)

Consider, for example, the comic-feature syndicated by that archetype of the pirate press, the Chicago Tribune, entitled "Little Orphan Sabaka", by one Harold White. This strip glorifies the principles of the existing economic swindle-system in their pristine outrageousness. It is, for this reason, advanced by the faction I have mentioned as a prize example of the type of propaganda which is so blatant that its readers are driven by reaction into opposite, and therefore desirable, opinions. But the least study will infallibly show that any persons reading this serial must inevitably be of too low a level of intellect to react to anything. Nothing could more markedly demonstrate my own thesis. It is for this reason that I urge all persons interested in true Marxist reformation of our society to oppose comic-strips and books with all their power, and to support all measures for their banning. Until a truly democratic government is established in control to guide literature and art in the correct channels, the comics remain a vicious instrument for the repression of the popular will. They must be destroyed.

Franco-American Amity

Cher Jim, zis is ze taime of ze yer ouen pippl send zair ouiches for Crismas. Alsors, I not dou tant miss zis occasion of ouiching you a Mary Crismas and a Api Nuou Yer. Ici in Paris ze magazines are foul of pippl hou ouant tou baillie meni cadeaux for zair frends and famili. Mais zise pippl zal ave no monal excopte for ze foud, ze cinema and ze metro. Alsors zal go tou ze Galeris Lafayettes, ze Trois Quartiers, etc, and zal onli louk. A fuou sili gette ze cadeaux and zal tek zem tou zair ome in ze metro. Ze rich pippl in ze marche noir, zal are ze onli ouanes hou ave ze possibilitt of baillin cadeaux for zair frends and famili, and zal tek zem tou zair ome in ze longues, blak limousines americaines. Zal are leki, zese pippl!

Mallie fazer he as cut a sapin for makin ze Crismas tri in aour aouce. Mais oui ave nofing tou decorer ze tri. Aussi I ave no chous tou pout in aour cheminee for ze Pere Noel, so I dou not fink zal I am goin to receive no cadeaux zis yer, ouance mor. Mais I ope zat you ouill get meni cadeaux, bicosse you live in ze rich Amerique, ouer ze strits zal are med in gold.

Ouance mor I ouich you a Mary Crismas and a Api Nuou Yer.

Thierry.

Dear Thierry, merci boco pour ton laitre ci ma donnai une grande plaisir.

A New-York la Xmas spirit lai les gens fou; Les conducteurs de les automobiles ils brules les rouges lumialries et ils coures pardessus les pedestrians; les departement stores son plaines de gens qui push et punch pour ashetal gifts pour ses relatives et amis.

Les parents a moi ont ashetal boco liquor pour les parties que ils jetrons a maison pour Crismas, et je suppoz ils oron un continuos hangover de Xmas a New Year, com par usual. Ils ont ashetain ossi boco cados pour moi et si tu veus je envairai a toi les casals jouais a moi pour ton fun.

Je souait a toi une Joleu Noail et un Eureu Nouvail Anai. JIM.

Keystone of Our Culture—The Comic Book

In view of the intense interest shown in the features page by the readers this year, the staff have been encouraged to attempt this grand project, in the confident expectation that it will meet the taste of most.



Starting next week and appearing daily until January 11th this will be a regular feature of The Daily.

"Furious Funnies" Show Artistic Merit

A little book of considerable interest to art collectors is the slim volume entitled "Furious Funnies" published this week by Messrs. Stopgap and Windemere, Toronto. (32 pp. 10c)

In a novel and most economical manner this significant collection condenses into a few pages literally hundreds of reproductions representing nearly every school of modern art.

Variety is the key-note of this ingenious exhibition and the works presented range all the way from the candid realism of Mr. Little Wunder (whose drawings bear the general title "Terry and the McGill Fund Canvassers") to the classic anatomical studies of Mr. Edgar Wheel Barrow's "Tartan of the Apes."

Each artist's work is grouped under a general head, and the drawings are so designed that when viewed in order they convey not only the message of each separate composition but a general over-all story as well.

An innovation of great value—something never before seen in serious art in all this critic's wide experience—is a method which is calculated to convey in words the thought of a figure which the artist desires to have express a thought he merely places what we shall term a "balloon"—a confined white space in which the words are actually printed. Truly ingenious! Thus the fact that a figure is sneezing (which Filippino Lippl found so difficult to depict in his portraits) is stressed by the near-by "balloon" which carries, rather like the banners of Michaelangelo's cherubim, a message—in this case "Ah-choo!" Consider how much more effective would Botticelli's "The Birth of Venus" have been had she, rising from that magnificent shell, dramatically exclaimed "Zowie!"

To get down to commenting on the several sections individually, we are first struck by the effectiveness of "Supersmoo", an individual whose popularity, we predict will seriously challenge the figures of Paul Bunyan and William Howard Taft for the chief place in the American mythos. "Supersmoo" is endowed with vastly superior intelligence and as far as physical prowess is concerned is well-nigh omnipotent. He can, to cite several instances, stop a sixteen-inch steel with his unprotected head, make his way without difficulty to the rear of any tram, and split atoms with his bare hands.

As to the artistic merit of the

pictures which relate his adventures, however, it cannot be denied that the artist lacks that detailed knowledge of anatomy so requisite to convincing portraiture. It is indeed deplorable that modern artists, who have achieved such a command of color and boldness of delineation, have neglected that study so important to the great masters of the past—that is anatomy. No one can deny that it was his intense interest in the female nude that made Donatello the father of the Renaissance.

Mr. Al E. Catt's contribution (Li'l Abnik) displays much more talent. Mr. Catt's mastery of colour entitles him, in this critic's opinion, to be classed with Titian, Giorgione, Correggio, Tintoretto, Veronese, Turner and Reynolds. In his uncanny ability to fix upon canvas nature in motion he brings John Constable to mind. In the third frame on page twelve the masses of cloud driving across the sky and the exquisitely executed figure (one "B-69-O, a mythological character commonly supposed to frequent a region called Pincus Number II, a suburb of St. John's, Quebec) brooding over the tree-tops show the touch of the master's hand. This sharp satire and sometimes crude realism are reminiscent of Hogarth.

The series designated "Steep Canyon" clearly reflects the influence of Fra Giovanni Angelico in the dryness, precision, and simplicity of style and in the thinness and meagreness of the execution.

Finally there is a series entitled "Little Orphan Anarchy", which is nothing more than a blatant and uncalled for attack on capitalism, free enterprise, and war-profiteering. Never since Narciss Virgilio Diaz de al Pena have we been subjected to such frivolous subjects and incorrectness of line. Like Romney the artist uses few colors and is frequently sketchy and careless in the accessories, but completely lacking in the breadth of treatment and inherent charm which makes Romney's works acceptable. He lacks the brilliance, vigor of tone, and truth in representing accidental effects (which conformed Constable's shortcomings) but suffers from all of Constable's vices—heavily loaded composition, spottiness in the foregrounds, etc. Lacking the clarity of line that was Louis David's the artistic pose of figures that was Reynolds', and the grace, tenderness, character and dramatic power, drawing, composition, texture, color, and chiaroscuro that

For Those Who Think Funnies Are Kid Stuff...

Europeans and Canadians in particular, are prone to the idea that comics are for the kiddies. But any American who has ever eaten a hamburger, in a drug store can tell you that the most avid habitue of the Comic Corner is as apt as not to be a (young), close-shaven, slightly mousy gentlemen, dressed usually for the banking profession. Last summer, I was fortunate enough to be enlightened by seeing beives of non-commissioned officers of the American Army, furiously engaged in following their cellophane-clad ideals.

The cover of any comic book should be sufficient evidence that the comics are trained at mature minds. Here is a close-up of a feminine body, clad only in purple lipstick and an appealing bathing-suit of ultramarine ink. Either she is being slowly tortured with atomic rays (in which case the hero is male; for female readers), or she is casually drawing a gun on ten or fifteen bank-robbers (strictly for males). You think funnies are for kids?

Comic advertisers are well aware just whom they are advertising to. EXCITING COMICS (Featuring the Black Terror—Nemesis of Crime) (carries ads for: 1) "It's Here! It's New! A 2-in-1 Lighter-and-Cigarette Case." 2) Free Booklets on How to be a Radio Technician." 3) "A Spotlight for your Duckhunt." Nothing else, and positively nothing for the six-year-old market.

I have at one time or other seen ads for "Build Your Physique," "Success in Your Married Love Life," and a charming little phosphorescent neck-tie that lights up at night and says, "Will You Kiss Me in the Dark, Baby?"

The little kid who still has his nickel from last Saturday, and thumbs through the pages for something to buy, will thumb in vain. This is the kid that once, through

made the great Titian, this artist is nothing but a modern Jean Joseph Eleonore Antoine Anislaus! Nothing more damning could be said.

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8 PM. TUESDAYS



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All skiers wishing for a C class zone card, unless otherwise notified, will have to enter a qualifying race to be held by the Laurentian zone. The first race will be held on January 9.
For details please go the general office at the Sir Arthur Currie gym.

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the Best of Luck
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Merry Christmas!

McGILL SHOW RELEASE
The McGill Radio Show will present its last show before Christmas on Tues., Dec. 21, at 10.05 p.m., over station CJAD. An original radio play by Irwin Brodie called "Home For Christmas."

A Pair of Skates—P. 1
"Yes, sir." He turned to call her, then he swung back on the man. He had a strange desire to tear off his fancy clothes and send him running back to his car for refuge. But all he said was: "It's about my father, isn't it?"
The man nodded and again Jimmy wanted to hit him. Why did he come in all his expensive success to talk about his father? His mother appeared behind him in the hall.
"Who is it, Jimmy?"
"Mrs. Blain?" the man asked.
"Yes?"
"I'm Mr. Connolly from the plant. May I come in?"
"Ted has done something." It wasn't even a question, just a statement as if she had been fearing something for a long time and now here it was. She wiped her hands nervously in her apron as she led the man to the living room. Jimmy switched on the table lamp. The red crepe paper his mother had wrapped around the shade gave the light a peculiar pink glow and made the room seem unfamiliar to him.
The man looked around.
"You have a comfortable home, Mrs. Blain."
"Why can't he say what it is?" Jimmy screamed silently. Did my father get into a fight again? And finally came the one thought he did not want to think: Did he hurt somebody badly?
Please tell me why you've come?" his mother asked, her voice low and urgent. She never looked more tired to Jimmy.
"Can I speak with you alone, Mrs. Blain?" the man asked.
"No, mother. I want to stay."
"Jimmy can hear whatever it is."
"Please sit down, Mrs. Blain." The man motioned her to a chair near the window. He swallowed be-

Street-car Incident—P. 1
receding car for a moment. His lips were compressed. Then he began to walk rapidly back to the bus-stop. Out of the fog in front of him appeared the blonde whose parcel he had picked up. She smiled, and stopped.

ARTS & SCIENCE
NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY
Westernaires' Orchestra
UNION BALLROOM
10 P.M.—3 A.M.
Tickets in Union Tuck Shop at \$4.50 Couple

BOOK EXCHANGE
OPEN TODAY
11.30 A.M. — 1.30 P.M.
TO CLAIM UNSOLD BOOKS
BOOKS UNCLAIMED BY THIS TIME WILL BE CONFISCATED

Messiah
The performance of Handel's "Messiah" by the Elgar Choir at Notre Dame Church on Monday night, although somewhat short of inspiring, was certainly an excellent one. In the combination of choir, organist and soloists, the latter were by far the most responsible for the weak parts of the presentation. The contralto and soprano lacked certain elements essential in solo singing, although the male soloists did maintain a high level of performance.
The choir showed great spirit and energy, which it sustained throughout the performance and brought to a true climax in the concluding chorus of the work. "Worthy is the Lamb That Was Slain." It was evident that their director, Berkley E. Chadwick, had done a conscientious job in their training on precision, for at no time were there loose ends in the singing. Particularly in the chorus, "For Unto Us a Child Is Born," which is susceptible to dragging and lazy vocalism, the exact, sharp execution of the rhythm was very appreciable.
In the "Hallelujah Chorus," the co-ordination between the organ and choir was perfect. The voices blended with one another and in turn with the organ in such exact timing, that hardly a vibration was out of place. Everywhere, the rich, strong tonal quality and flexibility

of the voices produced an impressive characterization of the work.
Even to one who is not familiar with organ playing, the fact that Mr. Kenneth Meek is a musician of unusual calibre was quite plain. His performance was beautifully neat, as well as powerful. The balance he maintained with the chorus and soloists was exquisite. At no time did he allow a note or chord to slip from the balance, to the disadvantage of the voices, and at all times his precision was matchless.
Mina Grant, Armonde Davis, Ken McAdam and Harry Maude sang soprano, contralto, tenor and bass respectively. Miss Grant possesses a metallic tonal quality in the lower keys and an upper register which for the most part produced what seemed to be beautiful and rich singing. Actually, it was the result of forced efforts which could not be depended on indefinitely. When Miss Grant reached the air, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," her voice had run its course and produced a taut, unpleasant effect.
Miss Davis is an artist of greater finesse. She has a good, well-controlled voice capable of expressive singing. However, it is a weak voice and one which could not show up to good advantage in the "Messiah." The tenor and bass on the other hand, turned in extremely fine per-

formance. Their rich, well-trained voices were used in an easy, confident manner, and in the case of the bass, with a profound sympathy for the subject material. S. G.
SHARE APARTMENT
STUDENT AND WIFE HAVE BRAND-NEW four room flat in Rosemount to share with another student and wife. Ultra modern. Reasonable.

Freda—P. 1
you are glad to be in Canada now. Surely you can be glad now that you have left all that behind you." Somehow she was a little cold again, more like the Freda in the back corner of the classroom.
"I'm sure I can," she said.
I was very young at this time. Walking home by myself in the night, I felt deeply responsible for life and war and refugees.
LES AMIS DE L'ART
BALLET DANCE COMPETITION
First Prize—\$200
Second Prize—\$100
Two competitions for wind and percussion instruments have already been launched by this Association. Now a third contest for Ballet dancing is open to all Canadian citizens of from 12 to 20 years of age.
This is an exceptional opportunity for any student who intends to pursue studies in this Art.
Anyone wishing to participate in the contest must fulfil the following requirements:
Submit a certificate, signed by a professor, stating that the student has had four years of study. Prepare a dance routine plus six variations in different tempo. A practical short ballet costume or tutu is required. All male contestants must perform variations of "Pas de Deux" as well as a great elevation solo.
Registration will be accepted until December 31, 1948, and winners will be announced on March 12, '49. Preliminaries will take place on March 8.
For further information please call the Association, FR. 1119, situated at 3815 Calixa-Lavallee, Montreal.
Birth Certificate is required.

AH, THE WEEKEND
I say, three cheers for the weekend!
It's the thing that we live and die for.
We hope the hell we'll live 'til the next one.
But know we'll die right after.
BY WHAT?
Western's run by farmers,
Toronto's run by Shmoos,
Queen's is run by millionaires,
But McGill is run by booze!
ADIN MERROW
ON DRUNKENNESS
A man gets drunk with many things—
With wine,
With love,
With Rime,
A man gets drunk with many things—
But mostly just with life — or time.
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Hmm... Dawson! Could that be in the Yukon?



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UNIVERSITY CHRISTMAS SERVICE
A special Christmas service will take place this Sunday evening, Dec. 19th, at 7:30 in Divinity Hall. All students are cordially invited to this carol service and to the Open House which will follow the S.C.M., 3574 University Street.

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